

The Omen

is taking it
all OFF!!!

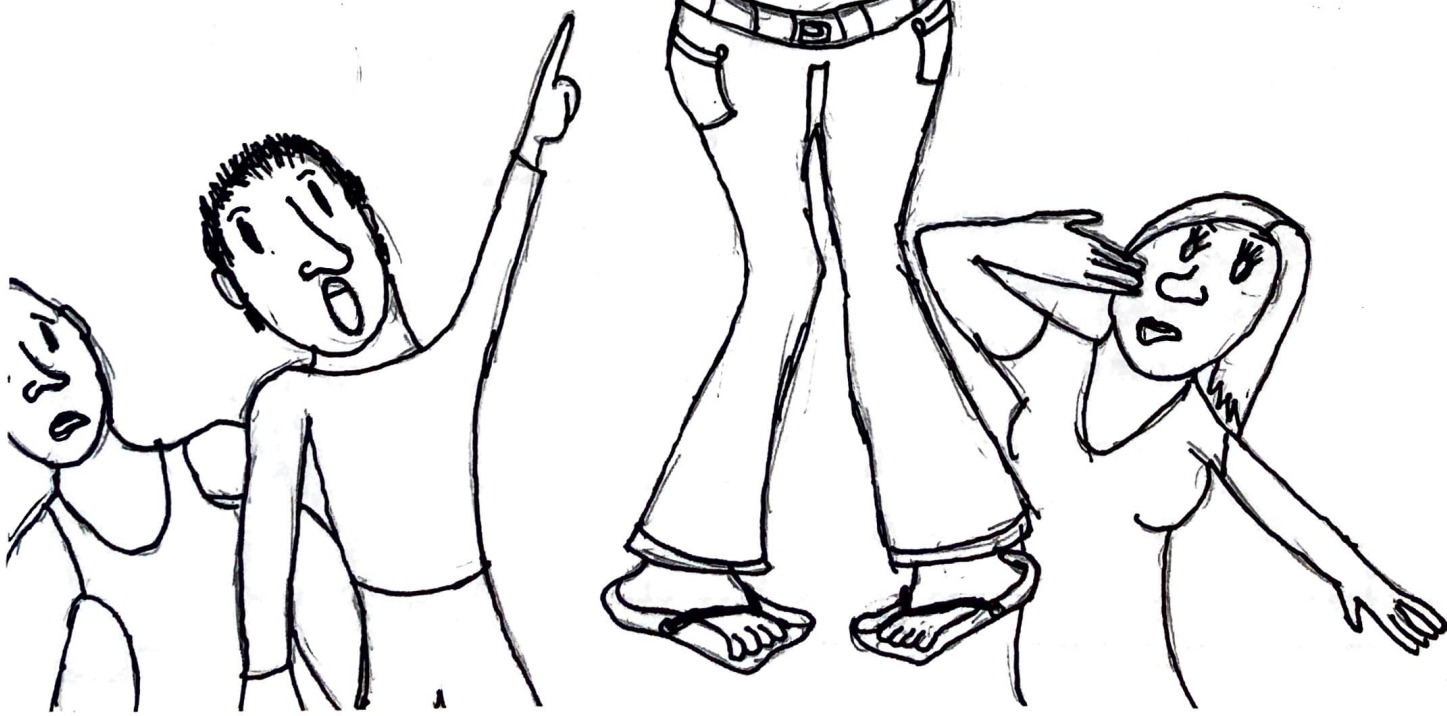


TABLE OF CONTENTS

for the third issue in the 29th Volume of the Omen on October the twelfth in 2007, the year of our Lord.



... Section Hate ...

- Lindsay Kaye Barbieri **06** *To People Who Smoke in Buildings*
 Linnaea Furlong **07** *To People Who Scribbled All Over Dakan*

... Section Speak ...

- Flarnie Nonemaker **08** *Choose Your Own Adventure!*
 Linnaea Furlong **08** *Praise for All-House*
 Ian Schwartz **09** *Francesca The Magic Donkey*
 Thea Henney **10** *Stress Tips 101*
 Damariscotta Helm **11** *Machina: The Machines of Waffles*
 Luke Pinette **12** *Hampshire Support Network*
 Sam Ecker **14** *Fluff Est Deo*

- Elizabeth Fay-Babb **15** *All Swirled Beneath a Sky of Cranberry*

- Alice Ackerman **16** *The Omen Abroad*

- Luke William Gay I **17** *This is My Napkin*

... Section Comix ...

- Hannah Allen **18** *Harry Potter in Boston*

- Luke Pinette **19** *Duck and Cover*

- Luke Pinette **20** *Crenshaw 2*

- Luke Pinette **21** *Crenshaw 3*

Continued on Page 5...

TO SUBMIT:

Submissions are due on alternating Saturdays before 5 P.M. You can submit in rich text or plain text format by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, semaphore, or email. Get your submissions to Lindsay Barbieri, Merrill B103, Box 0542, lkb06@hampshire.edu

"We read the Omen."
 - Meredith Miller on How the Trustees Stay Informed

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omen.hampshire.edu

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Volume 29 • Issue 3

October 12th, 2007

Jacob Lefton

Editorial

REPORT BACK FROM THE TRUSTEES

As you know, I am the student trustee. That means I sit on the board of trustees and represent all of the students. While it is kind of a token position, it's still important. The trustees use what I say to gauge the opinions of the student body and I report back to the community so they know what the board is doing.

In late September every year, the board has what is known as a 'retreat.' They get together and talk about one or two specific topics after speeding through business. It's a chance for them to collect their thoughts, set the tone for the year, and make a plan of action. They figure out what the new priorities are, if any have changed.

This year's topic was Making of the College 2.1. The structure of the meeting was first getting business out of the way, then commenting on MC2.1 as if it was a writer's group—everyone giving their impression, and then Ralph responding and asking questions—and then we broke up into small groups to discuss specific questions.

Business:

The first order of business was voting in new

trustees. Frank Wang, a law professor working in United States and Chinese universities was one, as was Albert Jones—though he didn't attend the meeting. Also, Shelley Carey ('72F) showed up as the new alumni trustee.

Second, we went over the NEASC Self Study. At 100 pages exactly, the self study is basically a Hampshire users manual for the reaccreditation committee that comes in every ten years. The self study is an overview of the history of the college and how everything pulls together to form what we have today. The NEASC representatives will be visiting the college and meeting with students, staff, and faculty at the beginning of November. I will be writing more on it when the time is right.

The Committee on Nominating and Governance is starting in October the process of finding a new chair for the board, because Florence Ladd, the current chair is leaving at the end of this year. They will put together a document detailing what they think the college wants, and will be interviewing board members privately. In total, seven of the current twenty-five trustees end terms this year. Also, the Nominating committee to increase the size of the board to thirty-

POLICY

The Omen is Hampshire's longest-running bi-monthly publication, established by Stephanie Cole and Scott Tundermann in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion.

Everything the Omen receives, provided it is sent from a member of the Hampshire community, will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Although we find such things amusing and entertaining for countless hours, it is just not an option in this forum. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously

damages a person's reputation.

The Omen will not edit anything you write (except spelling and grammar). You must sign your real name (no anonymous submissions) and understand that you are responsible for what you say. Nonetheless, views in the Omen do not necessarily represent the views of anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

There is no Omen staff, save those positions of editor-in-chief and layout editor. To qualify for community service you must be a consistent contributor and help regularly with layout. Layout times (and such) will be discussed at our meetings. Meetings are held every Tuesday after release of an issue in the Leadership Center at 6PM. Everyone, everywhere, living or dead, should come.

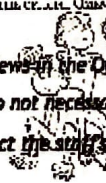
The Omen loves you.

THE OMEN (Omen Label):

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)



one by the end of the year.

Financially, we are in decent shape. As of the board meeting, we were trying to close negotiations with a new treasurer/vice president. It is very likely that Ralph got the candidate he wanted, and that he will come on board in a few weeks.

The development committee had a lot to announce. The books have been closed on the Campaign to Endow Hampshire's Future. We are initiating an eighteen to twenty-four month 'quiet phase' in which we will construct a new campaign that will hopefully blow the old one out of the water. It is possible we may use this new campaign to also launch an undergraduate program in Non-Profit Development. Also, Hampshire professor Steve Roof received a \$1 million grant to study climate change in the North Atlantic.

Making of the College 2.1:

The MC 2.1 discussion was focused on five questions for small groups:

1. How might the continuing discussion and refinement of "Hampshire 2.1" affect the college's mission? Its messages?
2. What is the role of the board of trustees in the continuing refinement of "Hampshire 2.1"? In strategic planning?
3. What is the optimum process for developing a strategic plan, with goals and objectives based on "Hampshire 2.1"? What might such a plan look like?
4. Assuming the implementation of the strategic plan based on "Hampshire 2.1," imagine the Hampshire of 2020.
5. Ruminate on the notion of "inclusive sustainability" as it is articulated in "Hampshire 2.1"; what might be the rewards and challenges if such a goal were applied to all functional areas of the college—academic, student services, buildings and grounds, business affairs.

The answers to the questions circled around some basic themes. First and foremost was a clarification of the original Hampshire 2.1 document. Suggestions included different versions for different constituencies or a 'user's guide.' The overriding concern was that most people do not understand the

document. Members of the board felt participation from all constituencies was a primary goal.

However, parts of the board felt the document must be endorsed, that the board must be able to accept whatever comes out of the discussions, within the constraints of the college's mission statement, and that being able to support the decisions financially was of utmost importance.

A strategic plan could potentially flow out of 'issue groups,' surrounding particular discussions with which the college is engaged. Questions that could be asked would be about what success is, how it's measured, what an ideal alum and an ideal student look like. Some felt there was a necessity for quick outputs as well as longer term outputs.

The future was felt to hold the globalization of education. Language would be a necessity, as well as studies in religion. The student body would be more diverse, more global. There could be joint ventures with universities in foreign countries like India and China. The five schools could be rethought. They could be based on a new world paradigm, based around different aspects of sustainability.

Community identity is with the school, but no longer a physical place. There is a great responsibility for each other. We would be less individual, less national, but more global, and more collaborative. We would question the norm and question authority. We would be forward looking—we have strayed from the vision of the founders, and become static. We need to preserve innovations as the core value, re-embracing change and risk taking.

"Inclusive sustainability," someone said, seemed as if it means there was a whole kettle of opportunity to transform into an institution that is truly sustainable and inclusive. The idea of 'full time students only' needs to be rethought, for instance. Inclusive, sustainable academics are very reliant on a balanced budget and open processes. Sustainability seems easier to create in a closed system. Inclusivity makes this complicated—but true, global sustainability is inclusive.

Debrief:

The meetings always end in a debrief. Chair Ladd asks for two parting thoughts: What keeps us up at night, and what helps us to sleep and invigorates us. I

don't have everyone's thoughts, but here is my own:

I do not trust the faculty, administration, staff, and board of trustees to have the best interests of students at heart.

Some might say these are strong words coming from the student trustee, and what does that say about him and how we shouldn't take him seriously.

Believe me or not, I stand by my words. It's a hard position to hold, but it comes from several years of observation and participation in the Hampshire system. It comes from an understanding of the founding documents of the college right up through the opening of the doors. It comes from hundreds of conversations, formal and informal.

It comes from entering this school at the beginning of an embarrassing academic fuck up in which the majority of the faculty and senior members of the administration managed to let anything distinctive, compelling, and educationally substantive slip away, and then only make token gestures when students speak up.

It comes from watching student governance build itself up and collapse year after year, burning out countless numbers of the most motivated students, while the administrators sit by and say, "Well, if students were really dedicated, they'd be able to pull it together."

Students are the most marginalized population on campuses, and historically youth are among the most underrepresented populations in the world. In my own experience, I have been discounted multiple times for speaking on my experiences and the experiences of my peers because I am "just a student." I dare say every other student activist on campus has faced the same.

Hampshire college promises student participation, and, indeed, students seem to have a token voice in most levels of governance, built into the constitution—an inalienable right until it is taken away. Most colleges do not. We have potential to be groundbreaking. Unfortunately, student governance is not active, and we are embarrassing proof that our system isn't working. The administration sees no reason to help us find and strengthen our voice. *It isn't in their best interests.* If they say it is for any reason,

take it with a grain of salt. Less control in our hands means more control for them, which, in a convoluted way, makes their job easier because it takes a potential wild card away.

Guard your trust carefully for the people who prove by their actions that they have the college's founding principles at heart. I can name a handful of non-student members of the community who I trust. Actions speak far louder than words.

Hampshire promises a 'student centered pedagogy'. Ralph is giving us the opportunity, through MC2.1 to define what that means for the 21st century. We have a chance to hold the school to its promise, and through that, affect education for all the young people who come after us. To do that, we need to speak up now and trust that Ralph has his ears open. I know this is a mixed message, and I said we shouldn't trust the administration, but in this one case, we need to speak now or forever hold our peace. We need to come together and speak on central themes of governance and responsibility of administration to uphold its end of the bargain—the one that brought us here. This is the first chance in thirty years we've gotten to really have a say in what this place is, and probably the only real chance we'll get for the next thirty—or ever, if we're not heard.

That's what keeps me awake at night. I don't get much sleep.



TABLE OF CONTENTS CONTINUED

• • • Section Sex • • •

- Omen Staff **22** *Erotica Contast and Rubric*
 Zaike Airey **24** *Yes, Well Maybe*
 Jericha Senyak **25** *Dear Hampshire, Could We Have Better Sex Please?*

• • • Section Lies • • •

- David Mansfield **27** *David's Wisdom Nook*
 Stephen Morton **28** *10 Ways to Tame Those Tentacles*
 Rachel Rakov **29** *I Could Never Get the Hang of Thursdays*
 Evan Silberman **29** *Commonly Misquoted*
 Sam Ecker **30** *Review of Fluff est Deo*

An Open Letter to People Who Smoke or Have Things Which Produce Smoke In Buildings

by Lindsay Kaye Barbieri

We came to Hampshire to have a choice in our lives and livelihoods! To be able to choose what classes to take! To be able to choose what to concentrate in! To be able to say "no" to those who might try to force us down a particular path, nay, to be able to push The Man out of our Chariot of Destiny and to take Life by the very reins.

Do you choose to be around pot? Do you choose to be around cigarette smoke? Do you choose to be around incense? These questions are personal and their answers never need to be spoken aloud! But in the sacredness of your own heart whisper the answers to these very important questions.

Some of you perhaps answers yes to all three. Some may have answered no to all three. Still others of you may have answered yes to the first and no to the latter two while your neighbors may have answered no to the first and yes to the latter two. There are still those of you who perhaps answered yes to the first two and no to the last and it is even possible that some others of you answered no to the first two and yes to the last. I might wildly speculate that it is even possible to say no to the first and last while saying yes to the second, and therefore, the opposite must be true as well—but physicists have yet to prove this theory. It is not for me to Judge and God alone shall Judge on the day of Judgement. For that day will come.

As you ponder the previous paragraph you may realize that there are a fair amount of possible answers. What is the likelihood that all persons living on your hall answered the same way as you? What is the likelihood that all persons living in your building answered the same way as you? What is the likelihood that everyone who has ever and will ever be anywhere near your building for any amount of time will have the same three answers in the same order that you have them?

Not likely.

If you want to be around the smell of pot, cigarettes and/or incense you have plenty of places to do so! For pot you have the woods, far far away from anyone who may be looking to uphold the law. For cigarettes you have the gazebos and any space that is 20ft away from any building. For incense you have the great outdoors as well, and you also have the Spiritual Life Center

SECTION
HATE

We hate so
you don't
have to.

— a place where the burning of incense and the lighting of candles is permitted! If it is too cold or rainy outside, you could fishbowl a car with your choice of smoke — preferably your car or someone who has given you permission. All of these places generally have little to no impact on the lives of those who answered "no" to some or all of the three previously posed questions.

If you smoke or light anything on fire inside the building you are not only breaking fire code, but you are also taking other people's choices away from them. They can no longer choose to be around any kind of smoke or not. Your choice to fill the halls of the building with your smoke will force them to either choose to stay in the building in varying degrees of misery, or to leave. No one should be forced to leave his or her home or place of work due to the inconsideration of someone else.

This is currently an issue in Merrill A. To those of you who continue (to this very night) to smoke pot in Merrill A, it is noticed and it is Not Appreciated. So please, do everyone who would very much like the choice to exist without smoke a favor, nay a decency and knock it off.



An Open Letter to People Who Scribbled All Over Dakin

by Linnaea Furlong

Hey People who Scribbled all over Dakin-

There's a difference between radical art and plain disrespect.

When scribbling on the walls in a possibly intoxicated state, did you once think of the people who would have to wash off or paint over your notes on drugs, legal pot and such? You may be an activist, for human rights, whatever, but did you even stop to think of the people that pick up after your infantile experimentation? They have rights not to have to deal with this shit all the time! No, the campus can't just leave the mess, it's bad for their image! Do you think your parents would have wanted to send their kid to a school where marijuana leaves are drawn on the walls?

I am all for radical art. But I am not for making other people's lives more difficult. Great. You made a statement. But you also increased somebody's workload, and our tuition. It might not be so high if self-styled artists who just hadn't got the concept of not drawing on the walls didn't keep doing this every year. Yes, every year. You think you're so radical now? It's been done before! What's more, Hampshire acknowledges graffiti art! We have a whole wall by the art barn to paint

whatever you like!

I like to choose the decor of the place I live, but the corridors are not my space. They're everyone's space. So I don't have the right to make them suit just me. Some of the drawings on the walls showed artistic skill, but just as some people hate and others love Thomas Kinkade, that painter who's always selling his stuff in coupon leaflets, artistic skill alone doesn't make things aesthetically pleasing.

Now in contrast, look at the uplifting chalk murals at FPH. They are beautiful, colorful, not offensive, and promote love. I have no idea who put them there, but they make me smile. Best of all, if the college doesn't approve, all you need is a hose, and they're gone in a minute. It would be better if they had done them on the ground, because then the rain could take care of it, but still, it's constructive, not destructive.

But when you occupy community space with your permanent art that inconveniences other people you're being disrespectful, and that's just not okay.

Sincerely, Linnaea Furlong

PS. Just an FYI — don't chalk on brick- it has to be power washed off.



SECTION SPEAK

Choose Your Own Adventure!

by Flarnie Nonemaker

As you walk to your room, you notice that even though the trees are still green, the air smells like Fall. Your classes have begun to get interesting, and your workload has increased. It's been a busy week, and now that it's Thursday you just want to relax. Thinking about it, you realize you have no plans for the weekend at all. Just then you run into your friends Nickel and Aesenath. Greeting them, you all come up with a smashing idea for a party! You begin to plan a

Marshmallow-Fluff party! (Turn to Box A)
Sexy '80s Party! (Turn to page B)

Praise For All-House

Dear Interns,

The Renaissance Faire last week blew me away with its awesomeness. I have been to almost every intern semester event and this was the best. There were so many people having fun, dressing up, the SCA folks were amazing, and the food was delicious. And the jousting. JOUSTIN! All my life I've wanted to joust, and while it was on a bicycle, now I have had that opportunity. You have fulfilled one of my dreams. I know you must have spent hours of your time on this event and I just wanted you all to know that you are appreciated, and it was a phenomenal success.

Hearts, Stars, and Horseshoes,
Linnaea

Box A

"Everyone loves marshmallows, right? And my Dad sent me about 5 jars of marshmallow fluff as a welcome-to-college present," said Nickel. You're not so sure that marshmallows are a uniting factor amongst your friends, but you can have other treats at your party too. Now that you've agreed to indulge Nickel's obsession with marshmallow fluff, where will you have the party? Nickel lives in the mods, but Aesenath lives in the dorms.

"Let's have the party in Aesenath's hall lounge!" (Turn to Box C)
"Let's have the party in Nickel's mod!" (Turn to Box D)

News, Commentary,
Announcements,
Propaganda,
Editorials.

Francesca The Magic Donkey

by Ian Schwartz

There was once a young wizard who needed to go on a long journey to a faraway land. He was a student, and thus very poor, and yet he had to transport a great deal of magic books and potions and mortars and pestles across wastes and forests and mountain ranges. He could not heave such things on his frail wizard's spine, and so for a time he did not know what to do, and despaired.

One day the young wizard cried out to his friend, a sculptor, that he was incredibly sad because he wanted to make the journey, he had to make the journey, but he didn't know how he could possibly do so. His life depended on it, yet there was nothing to be done! The sculptor, meanwhile, was putting the finishing touches on his latest brilliant creation, what he called "The Donkey". It was a strange abstraction at the time, being a four-legged chimera that looked like a horse and a dog put together with huge floppy ears and a gigantic silly nose. "The Donkey" was fat, and broad, and strong, but its eyes were very big and round and friendly and curious. The marble statue took the wizard's breath away when he saw it. He forgot himself: it was so beautiful, he was in love with it, and for the moment all his problems vanished as if by magic.

"Do you like it?" the sculptor asked, smiling.
"I love it," said the wizard, unable to blink.

"Then it's yours," said the sculptor to his friend, patting his back and stepping out of his studio into the afternoon. He was a generous man so full of ideas and creations that it hardly mattered what happened to his sculptures, so long as they were loved and appreciated for the love and effort that went into them. He was very stubborn about giving away his work to the right people; in general he was a stubborn person. The wizard thought for a moment of refusing such a gift as this out of politeness, but he knew that the sculptor had stubbornly made his choice, and that little could change his mind.

Later the wizard joined his friend the sculptor

out in the afternoon. The wizard asked him what the sculpture was called.

"It's called 'The Donkey,'" said the sculptor.

The wizard's eyes widened like two flaring suns. He had never heard such a word. "The Donkey?" he asked. "What does that mean?"

"The sculptor smiled. 'It means donkey! Donkey! Like the sound it makes!' The wizard smiled too.

"My friend," he said, "you have made a statue, and you know perfectly well that statues cannot speak."

"Is that so?" asked the sculptor, his smile so broad it looked like a watermelon half. "Don't you have a spell or two in your magic book that could bring the stone to life?"

"The wizard narrowed his eyes to thoughtful slits. "Yes," he said, scratching his young beard, "yes, I think so, I think I could put something together."

"Then please, by all means, do so! Every artist's dream is for his creation to come to life!

"That night the wizard and the sculptor got together in the sculptor's chalky studio. The wizard

Continued on Page 10...

Box B

"I LOVE the '80s!" squeals Aesenath, and then they start singing "Thriller" with glee. You have chosen the theme for music at the party, but what about food? Aesenath suggests Nachos, but Nickel wants pizza, so you decide to have both. You also hope that your friends will come in their "sexy '80s" clothes, but where will the party happen?

"Let's have the party in Aesenath's hall lounge!" (Turn to Box C)

"Let's have the party in Nickel's mod!" (Turn to Box D)

flipped through his book, scribbled notes onto his soft vellum, mumbled the proper incantations to himself, sometimes missing a word or a syllable here or there, sometimes accidentally shooting little sparks from his eyes or his teeth in a very embarrassing fashion that caused the sculptor to guffaw very loudly. "Hee-haw!" laughed the sculptor, as the wizard breathed bubbles of light out through his nose.

Finally the spell was ready. The wizard twirled his hands, danced on one leg, bit his shoulder gently, and then shouted: "Somnambulisc Descartes Hevel Pygmalion!"

"An explosion flung the two friends away, and white blinding light flashed out the windows. When they got to their feet, they saw that a real live donkey, the first in the universe, stood before them flapping its ears and wagging its tail. The donkey, however, was very agitated, and let out a deafening "hee-haw!" that knocked the two friends flat on their backs all over again. But by this point they were laughing with the joy of creation, and the hee-haws of the sculptor mixed with the hee-haws of the first donkey.

The wizard thanked his friend, led the donkey away, and gave it some water and some grain, trying to figure out what the donkey liked, what the donkey wanted to do. He noticed, as he tried to lead it about, that the donkey was extremely stubborn, and was so impossibly obstinate that it took quite a lot of pulling and yelling to get her—for the donkey was a she-donkey, whom the wizard named "Francesca"—to go anywhere, or do anything. The wizard saw that the donkey was extremely strong, as well.

Then it came to him. He saw that the donkey could carry his burdens for him, and that the two of them could adventure together over the great wide wondrous world, seeing the beauty and mystique of distant lands. Francesca, after all, had huge friendly eyes that loved to see new things, and her hee-haw was so powerful that no bandit would ever be able to hurt them.

And so the wizard set out with his stubborn hee-having donkey to see the world, and the two of them lived as friends and partners for many happy years.



Box G

You all head to the housing-office and fill out a short House Event Registration Form. This doesn't take long, and you arrange to meet with the House Director the following day to actually register the party. By the time you walk in to meet the House Director on Friday, all three of you are excited for the party and have the details worked out.

"Hi, I'm Pat. Come on in!" says the House Director, and you sit down on a purple bean-bag in their office. Excitedly, Aesenath hands Pat the House Event Registration Form and begins to explain your plans.

"We're having a Marshmallow Fluff Drinking Party!" (turn to Box K)

"We're having a Sexy '80's Drinking Party!" (turn to Box L)

Stress Tips 101

Brought to you by your local concerned citizen, Thea Henney

- 1) Drink lots of soda, sugar water, coffee, and vodka to stay hydrated.
- 2) Be sure to consume enough of each of the four main food groups: donuts, ramen, soylent green, and beer.
- 3) Don't work or move too much; unnecessary movement may lead to excessive panting, wheezing, coughing, phlegm, high blood pressure, increased heart rate, and muscle cramps. In a worst case scenario, it may lead to loss of beerbelly. Should this occur, grab a stick of butter and mow out to prevent further weight loss while you locate a sturdy individual to carry you to the nearest phone and call the EMTs.
- 4) If stress cannot be avoided—panic. Leap about in a frenzy, tearing at hair, fingernails, and clothing. If this fails, immediately drop to the floor and begin twitching. This will help to release toxins and tighten pores.
- 5) If all else fails, pull out the pruning shears and give yourself a mullet.



Machina: The Machines of Waffles

by Damariscotta Helm

Recently Overheard in Saga...

It's responsible for the ultimate dream-killer of defying the freshman fifteen, the weekend reward after getting through a taxing week, and that one thing that everyone wants but can't or shouldn't because they are such an indulgence. However, it is primarily the Pride and Joy of the Admissions Office School Tour...

Just in case you were worried about Hampshire being a back-woods, uber-hippie, no-money, feed-and-tofu-for-food institution:

"We have a Waffle Machine!"

Don't worry parents! Your picky-eater kid won't go hungry, nor go the ways of utter-malnutrition without his chicken fingers and French fries, because when those don't appear on the disappointingly miniscule serving lines ("Oh, Honey. it's so small—I mean... quaint."), "We have a

Waffle Machine." They have so many vitamins and minerals! (and calories, and fat, and cholesterol, and calories, and sugar, ad infinitum.)

Our Lemelson Assistive Technology Development Center may seem left in the dark ages with all their students playing in the forge banging metal rods into... into... "Um... What's that again?"

"It's a letter opener."

"Letter openers are usually straight, right?"

"Well, it's got a decorative handle. Letter openers have decorative handles."

"A letter opener... Why did you make a letter opener? You only get flyers in your mailbox..."

"They won't let me make a sword."

"Oh..."

Tour group approaching...

"Oh! Tour group, tour group, uh... uhh... Hey! You wanna go to SAGA and make some WAFFLES?"

Cheesy smile, thumbs up, high-five, hip-bump, secret handshake, wave, don't feed the animals, don't kill the animals, meat is murder, BUT WAFFLES AREN'T!

"We have a Waffle Machine!"

The dorms may be gross, cramped, and smelly, but after finish puking up all that alcohol you shouldn't have drunk, and washing the pot-smoke smell out of your hair in Dakin's (don't tell the parents) JUST NEWLY REMODELED bathrooms ("The bathrooms were nice, honey.") you can eat off that hangover at brunch the next morning with the perfect remedy because... drumroll...

"We have a Waffle Machine."

Yep, we may be "behind," misunderstood, over-worked, over-leisured, fashionably challenged, physically challenged, and coordinated only because we have a *ciaws*, but gosh-darnit, we're not so behind when it comes to other colleges because "We have a Waffle Machine."

In fact, if it weren't for the waffle machine, we might never even see the mod-ers.

Pick your poison: Strawberries, whipped cream, syrup, grease, I mean... uh...

"Is that butter?"

"Ew... Yeah."

"What are those floaty things?..."

...hot fudge, ice cream, all of them combined...

No matter your pleasure, that hot iron keeps Saga and Hampshire out of the dark ages.

So pour that batter with pride, wait your two minutes, grab those ridiculous red thongs, and fight with all your might to get your groovin' tasty cake out of its birthplace in one piece.

"Aww, man!" Peel, peel, pry, peel, plopl!

"Your waffle is strugglin', man."

Just remember it doesn't matter what it looks like. Hell, make fifteen ba-gillion of them and create perishable art on your hall-mates' doors. (No, I'm kidding, please don't.) It doesn't even matter if you ever use the machine anyway. Why? Because they just put it there for the tour anyway.

"And over here... we have the WAFFLE MACHINE." Thank God.



Hampshire Support Network

by Luke Pinette

I spend two hours a day on the bus, and frequently carry an insufficient quantity of reading material. Which meant I spent a lot of time last year on the bus observing people. Now if this had improved my social skills, I would learned that people don't like being stared at. So it's probably safe to say that, it didn't. It did, however, much improve my ability to tell where people are looking, and some idea of what constitutes normal body language. Now, I have to say that Hampshire people are weird. Last year, I thought it was just me. See, compared to me, most Hampshire students seem fairly normal. Okay, so some people acted somewhat odd at times. And in hindsight, *the Omen* really should have tipped me off.

Last year, though I noticed that people acted odd around me, I figured it was simply because I was odd.

**"Hampshire
Students don't
say hello, avoid
small talk and
don't smile...
Hampshire
Students Are
Weird"**

I know I often annoy people, at least when I open my mouth. And I really don't think I shut it all that often. So when people seemed to brush me off, I decided that Hampshire students simply found me more annoying than most people do.

Now last year, I heard several complaints that people at Hampshire were unfriendly. Hampshire students don't say hello, avoid small talk, and don't

smile. Now, I tend to do those same things, and it's not because I'm unfriendly. I don't like talking when I hadn't planned on it. Not saying that I'm not unfriendly, just that that's not the reason I might appear that way. For many of those people I know who've passed me with barely a nod, I now suspect a similar motive.

The main reason that I've decided Hampshire students are weird, however, is because I'm now taking courses outside of Hampshire. As a consequence, of spending half my time at college at campus, I suddenly realize that what I'd thought normal is not. Not that it's bad to be weird. Growing up in the valley I met plenty of professors and former professors even before attending Hampshire. I would frequently hear complaints that students would not speak in class, a problem which Hampshire students don't seem to have.

Still, there are some complaints which I've heard fairly frequently at Hampshire, complaints which I'd had myself at times. As a commuter, I expected some

Box D

All three of you head to Nickel's mod, and find that Nickel's modmate has filled the livingroom with their Div III sculptures! Nickel talks to them, and the modmate promises that the sculptures will be moved into a gallery by the weekend, so you cross your fingers and ignore the plaster-casts of tree-trunks which cover the couch and floor of your future party-space. Now it's time for the last few details. Will your party feature alcohol, and will it be registered?

"Let's register the party, but I don't feel like having alcohol." (Turn to Box E)

"I don't feel like having alcohol, so why bother to register the party?" (Turn to Box F)

"Let's make it a drinking party! And I can go register it today." (Turn to Box G)

"Let's make it a drinking party! But I'm too busy to register it before this weekend." (Turn to Box H)

isolation from the community. I've didn't expect to find so many residential students feeling so disconnect. And Hampshire itself is confusing. I know that there have been several attempts to help people deal with this, I'm proposing a slightly different tack.

I'm convinced that everybody could use some social skills work, I've noticed that Hampshire students seem to have fewer than most. This is a different story entirely, and I really should be taking notes. Though this makes things easier for me, I can imagine it'll be a problem later on. Likewise, I'm not the only at Hampshire College with severe organizational and time management skills.

So, any rate, I've been trying to put together an organization to deal with this. Not a formal student group, just a loose social organization. My posters haven't been very clear, for which I apologize. The idea's a bit difficult to explain, in large part because I think that this needs to be organic.

Here's the basic idea. A large group will meet once every week or two. People can come as they wish, when they wish, no commitment is required. We can discuss issues and see if people have similar problems. As our teachers used to remind us: if you have a question: ask. You're probably not the only one. Though I figure that I need a critical mass of at least a dozen people for this to work, but really, the more the better. If I thought it were just me having problems, or even a tiny minority of students, I wouldn't be doing this. Hampshire's retention rate (yes, 1/5 is still high), conversations I've had, and simply general observations tell a different story.

At these larger sessions, you can meet people with similar issues. People can then work, independently, on these issues with other people facing similar issues. You can use it to try to make friends, acquaintances, or get help with homework too.

If you think you're having problems, come. Tell you what, I promise not to reveal any of your names without permission. By coming, attendees to the same conditions. Give it two sessions, and if you don't think this will help you, leave. What can it hurt?

So I hope I'm clearer here than I was on the posters. Generally, this is a student support network. It helps to talk. More specifically, well, you'll know when you get there. Seriously, come this time. You'll be glad you did.

I'll set the time tentatively for 6:00 Tuesday, October

16th, in Franklin Patterson's East Lecture Hall. If this is a really bad time for you, email me (lkp06@hampshire.edu). Otherwise, watch for the posters. This time I'll bring food.



Box I

You tell the House Director about your plans for a fantastic festival of marshmellow appreciation, and Pat suggests you start a club around marshmallows. "If so many people are interested, you guys could hold regular marshmellow meetings and get funding from FICOM. Think about it!" For now, you decide to wait and see how the party turns out. You and Nickel sign as party hosts, because Aesenath will be coming late. Party hosts need to be present for the entire party, and are responsible for all the guests at the party. You try not to worry about this responsibility because after all, you're only inviting your friends.

Saturday night comes around, and you have every type of marchmellow product available. There are marshmellow candies, fluffernutter sandwiches, and marshmellow-toothpick sculptures to decorate the room! Most of the people who show up are your friends, but there are a few newcomers who share Nickel's obsession with all things marshmellow, and soon they are talking excitedly of forming a campus group. "We could explore the history of marshmallows, or try new recipes!" said one newcomer. Aesenath, who studies chemistry, suggests they try to synthesize their own marshmallows, while you are busily throwing marshmallows into the air and catching them in your mouth. Overall the party is a quiet success, and interest in your new group, the "Marshmellow Collective" snowballs during the semester, such that you find yourself willing to sit through signer training in early spring in order to get funding for the gooey, sugary plans of your old and new friends.

THE END!



Fluff est Deo

by Sam Ecker

So lets say your grandfather is run over by a bus, hypothetically. You would think that something like that would really put you life in perspective, and it does, for a little while. After a suitable period of soul searching however, you start to worry about the things that really matter. Like what clothes you need to look pretty and/or badass, whether or not your going to get laid/drunk/high/entertained, and what you friends think about you.

You begin to sprinkle pop-culture references in your conversations again. You make sexual jokes, complain about all the work you have to do, and tell people about your favorite musicians. The balance is restored. It doesn't matter how many family members die, South Park will always have a special place in your heart.

I am of course generalizing, not everyone likes South Park. Some people might not even like music, but I'm sure that something equally trivial holds dominion over their soul. We need that fluff to insulate us from the sublime madness of life. You might be thinking I'm full of bullshit, then again you might not (I'm not a mind reader). Boredom might seem like a more obvious reason. You might say: "I am bored, ergo I will go streaking."

Obviously I am going to support my own theory. Life is ridiculous- it is intense. From the moment we are conceived we are at the whim of forces beyond our control. Family, money, law, nature, violence, gravity, ect. Some are lucky enough to live others even have proper nutrition. Some commit suicide because they can't hack it in college. Some commit suicide because they are wealthy and famous. Some people are deeply happy to have a room with a view. Your life has touched a nerve and played the heartstrings. How many among us come from dysfunctional families? How many have had someone close die? Have you been screwed by the system? Have you had that kind of religious experience that has nothing to do with god? Has someone saved your life? Everyone has more important things going on in their lives then the weather. Why not talk about them? Well, it's easier to talk about other things. It doesn't make people uncomfortable. If you ask someone what's up, and they tell you that they have been thinking about mortality and whether or not their life is something

they can believe in, it kind of kills the conversation; whereas you always know the appropriate response to someone quoting Monty Python. Secondly the fluff is something stable, you can rely on it. A constant stream of meaningless amusement that wont change your life. It's safe. That is the main reason, safety. I've heard stories about tourists in a Buddhist temple frantically text-messaging their friends. I don't doubt it for a moment. It's the fluff that we rely on. Cynics will spit on anything deemed sacred, but they will clutch the fluff to their hearts. Those who are daunted by the obstacles will take comfort in the fluff. Those who place themselves in danger for some cause or other will hold on tight to fluff. Existentialism got that bit wrong.

PS: I'm sorry I belittled music. Music can be very significant... a lot of those things can be meaningful. It's the way they are treated that matters.

Review of *Fluff est Deo* on Page 30...



Box C

You go check out Aesenth's hall lounge, and it's perfect! The hall has put some throw-pillows and lamps in the room, and it will only take a few decorative touches to turn it into a party-palace! Or maybe just a party. However, if you want the party to happen this weekend, you have a few more decisions to make. Will you serve alcohol, and will you register the party?

"Let's register the party, but I don't feel like having alcohol." (Turn to Box E)

"I don't feel like having alcohol, so why bother to register the party?" (Turn to Box F)

"Let's make it a drinking party! And I can go register it today." (Turn to Box G)

"Let's make it a drinking party! But I'm too busy to register it before this weekend." (Turn to Box H)

ALL SWIRLED BENEATH A SKY OF CRANBERRY:

AN OUTRAGEOUSLY, BOISTEROUSLY, EXCEEDINGLY COMPELLING EDITION TO HAMPSHIRE'S ANTECEDENT WINE COLUMNS

by Elizabeth Fay-Babb

Wine. Mmm-Mmm-Mmm! My God, wine.

Whom, may I ask, amongst our educated and sophisticate brothers does not admit to a sulfurous indulgence of an occasional fermented glass of festive joy? I know that I am not alone in my almost *perverse* fascination with this simply piquant beverage of the ages. Does wine not tickle you in that place you have always *longed* to be tickled? Does wine not vivisection all those impermeable places in your mind that your therapist believed to be long forgot? Ah! To even consider wine is to transcend into a bawdy nude, sprawled on Goya's incandescent dining table atop a tablecloth of virginal white, his paintbrush trembling in his sweaty hands as he laps your fully pubescent body with his eyeballs like some kind of rabid CANINE!

Let us, for a moment, hone our raging sensual salaciousness to examine a few majestic entries on our list of champion wines:

• **Chateau Fleuzeau's "Midnight at the Crackhouse Chardonnay"**- The pure, almost abrasive nose this wine sports may frighten any novice away, but let the lips sample this absolutely obsefferous delicacy and one is reminded of that warm, homely scent daddy always kept on his breath when he returned early in the morning from a late night "out with the guys". His rough beard on your chin as he sloppily kisses your pouting, childish countenance. A vivid scent of saliva and warm roasted pork lingers then, just as it does now with a taste of Fleuzeau's masterpiece.

• **Bumbling Beverly Vineyard's**



"Eczema Beyond Repair"- A Truly refined wine, Beverly's reminds us of days in the country with our cousins who smelled of infection and decay - in that really marvelous way. The wine is timid at first encounter, but in that typical school-girl-in-a-short-skirt-and-stockings-who-you've-been-in-love-with-for-years-but-never-had-the-gonads-to-actually-talk-to-her form, it embodies all that is deliciously sinful. Presently, would go feverishly well with a basket of curly fries and homemade mango salsa.

• **Xavier Clammay's "100% wine"**- A boxed wine beyond all other boxed wines. Take it with you on the bus. To your child's piano recital. It reminds us of humble berries, dewdrops and lemon juice, the kind mother used to pour on daddy's paper cuts. The wonderful indulgence of boxed wine is exactly what you think: the cardboard makes it taste better. It lends this nectar of the Virgin Mary's left nipple to exceed itself. Oh, and how we suckle. We suckle like newborn babes thirsty with the intent of gloriousness.

So drink, my children. Let the wine dribble down your chins and onto your enormous, throbbing erections that have been coaxed out of their hibernation by the true suppliciousness of life, of wine! Let me hear you roar with the strength of one thousand lion larynxes as you wake from your drunken stupor one morning to find that you have awoke in the bed of Dionysus himself! YES! YES!

YES! Now go. Do it for yourself. *For your wine*

country.

The Omen Abroad: Trans-Atlantic Notes

by Alice Ackerman

Greetings from far away!
I'm in Bournemouth, England at the moment, where it's 11:30 p.m. and pouring rain.

I'll be here until mid-December, studying in the BA Honors Costume for the Stage and Screen course at the Arts Institute at Bournemouth. It's a rather small arts school, about two hours from London on the south coast of England, and affiliated with the University nearby. The official courses haven't started yet (as there are trimesters instead of semesters here), but I've been here for a month on an international student-centered pre-session course.

A few things to hand on to other hopeful study-abroad students:

-Do not step off the sidewalk. Drivers here are going MUCH faster, and are far less cautious than in America. (I'm quite serious, and relaying the information that a much more well traveled friend tried to bludgeon into my head.)

-Know the current exchange rate, and try to budget accordingly.

The British Pound is about twice the dollar as of current, and the Euro is at about \$1.38. Depending upon your destination, length of study, etc., you may want to increase your budget allowances.

-Those with specific dietary concerns- vegetarian, vegan- will have to be careful (sometimes more so than at home).

Nearly everything in England (if packaged) is marked if it is suitable for vegetarians. Depending upon the culture of the area you are visiting, this may be more of a concern for some students than others. (Cooking for yourself, if possible, may be preferable- I personally have found I disagree with the English notion that all vegetables should be entirely subdued by cooking until squashy.)

-Get to know the area you're staying in- shops, bus

routes, libraries, etc. People looking for trouble are less likely to target you if you look like you know where you're going.

-Also, the suggestion of safety in numbers is not out of place. (Really girls, I've met some very offensive and very drunk university boys who attempted to harass me at a bus stop. I sort of doubt they would have bothered if I'd been with other people...)

Common sense and cautions aside- have fun. Travel. Being abroad is an amazing experience, and I can't wait for courses to begin!

Cheers!

- Alice Ackerman



Box E

You run to the housing-office with your trusty comrades and fill out a short House Event Registration Form. That takes about 30 minutes, because your friends don't agree on all the details of the party, but once Nickel and Aesenath chill out you all finish the form. Luckily, the House Director is available to meet with you that day, just before their office closes. You all walk in, and notice the house director has a silly collection of bobble-heads. Maybe this won't be so bad?

"Hey guys, have a seat. You can call me Pat." says the House Director. They remind you that it sometimes takes time to schedule a meeting to register a party, and then ask what the theme of your party will be. You reply,

"It will be a Marshmellow Fluff Celebration!" (turn to Box I)

"We're having a Sexy '80's Bash!" (turn to Box J)

This is My Napkin

by Luke William Gay I

This is my napkin, so far away.

Its usefulness varies inversely by the square of its distance from me.

Could I use yours?

Your napkin perchance—to wipe my face.

Could I your napkin use to wipe the grime now upon my face?

Would you be so kind, so trusting as to allow me, a scourge upon the earth to use your napkin?

This napkin that you have spent so much time nurturing and shaping to your fancy, Using this napkin of yours to wipe the grime off of *your* face.

Oh fair, sweet person, I would ever be indebted to you for one quick swipe with you napkin.

Heavens how glorious it would be to remove the peanut butter from my mustache, And you so wondrous as to share *your* napkin with a person such as I.

Oh dear person, how deeply I shall ever be in your servitude to fairly repay you for the employ of your napkin upon my face.

Such willingness to help a fellow creature in need has ne'er been seen in human history.

You, oh purveyor of cleanliness, are certainly well along your way to godliness.

If only more would see your example and strive for such selflessness, the earth could be covered with peace and love the likes of which were heretofore inconceivable.

I fear now that I must cease my humble thanks and praise of you and allow you to spread your love to all the world.

Do not think though, for even an instant, that I will forget the debt that I owe to you or that my inward admiration for the pity and love you have shown me will cease.

I must now bid a warm and fond farewell to you,

May good luck follow you wherever your life-path may lead you,
Good day.



Box M

And dance you do, all three of you, for about the first hour of the Sexy 80s drinking party. Your advertising paid off, and there are at least 30 people piled into the small party space, sipping drinks and moving to the beat. Unfortunately, after less than an hour you are called to the door, and you see an intern named Chasey. "So, I heard your music from three sections away, and I'm trying to study... and I see that you guys are drinking." You're not sure what the consequences are about this, and it looks like you've annoyed Chasey. "This is a common-space, so you can't just drink or party here like this." Chasey continues. You go talk to Aesenath, who shuts off the music, and most of the guests scurry away with their drinks, leaving you to deal with the Public Safety Officers who have just shown up. They find out that it's your party, and that you bought the drinks which some of your underage guests were consuming. They take down your name, and on Monday you receive an email saying that you have a meeting scheduled with your house director. Any number of things could happen now, but because it's your first offense you will likely get a warning. Aesenath is also called in, but Nickel slipped out of the party to get more drinks and missed the entire shutdown. You're frustrated that all your planning hadn't worked out, and you wish that you had known how to throw a party that wouldn't get shut down. What a bummer!

THE END!



DUCK & COVER by Luke Kundi Pinette

by Luke Kundi Pinette

If the Deathly Hallows broom chase had taken place in Booter... ..

by Hannah Allen

HEY! NICE USE OF
A TURN SIGNAL!
ASSHOLE!

Box 0

That '80s mix cd is put to good use on Saturday night, when Aesenath plays DJ. The noise attracts more and more people, and soon the room is filled with college students moving to the beat, usually in an awkward shuffling version of dancing. You are getting down

with your bad self, when you notice a Very Cute Person across the room! The VCP is wearing a neon green sweatband, and you head across the room to introduce yourself. You are intercepted, however, by your intern Chasey. Chasey seems to be saying something about the music, but it's hard to hear in the crowded room and you start to head outside. When you leave the party you

realize that half the campus must be in attendance, the party had gotten too big for the space and flooded out into the quad. You notice that public safety has shown up, and Chasey isn't the only intern there either. "I didn't know you guys were having a party this weekend," Chasey says, and continues "There were some noise complaints, and this party isn't registered. Can you turn off the music and help disperse people?" You head inside and get Aesenth to turn the sound off, and once the music is gone everyone heads back to their rooms. People have left some beer bottles and trash in the space, and you Nickel and Aesenth help clean up while you talk to public safety about the party. Exhausted, you head to bed before midnight.

Later that weekend, Chasey knocks on your door. Great, the last thing you need is to feel guilty about waking up your neighbors. You expect Chasey to ask for an apology, but instead they apologize! "I'm really sorry your party got shut down, by the time I was called public safety was already there. If you want to try again sometime, I can help you and your friends register parties. It only needs to be 24 hours in advance, and having an '80s party was an awesome idea!" You discover that Chasey shares your love of 80s music, and plan to try the party again later in the semester.

THE END!

THE END!

HEY DUCK
TOMORROW'S MY BIRTHDAY!

YEA, HOW OLD ARE
YOU GONNA BE?
THAT'S OLD!

EA Box TURTLES
LIVE TO BE OVER
100

100! HEY, THAT'S ALMOST HOW OLD I AM.

NO, YOU'RE NOT

(I AM IN BINARY)

... THAT WOULD
MAKE YOU FOUR

So

DUCK,
YOU'RE TWO

I SAID
"ALMOST"

Box N

The evening of the Marshmellow Drinking party arrives, and your excitement grows as you help Aesenath and Nickel decorate the party room and set up the sweet, fluffy treats. You plan to serve marshmellow candy, chips with marshmellow fluff for dipping, and some mixed drink. Aesenath even thought of getting little toothpick-umbrellas that people could put marshmallows on and stick in their drinks, how cute! You've only just finished setting up when guests pour into the space, and you start to see people you know. All your friends arrive, and then more and more people who you've never met before, crowding the room and forming circles to chat and drink. The noise starts to get pretty intense, and after you've had a couple drinks you start to smell cigarettes from somewhere in the room. Getting a headache, you head outside, just as the fire alarm goes off! You head out for a walk with a couple friends, thinking you can come find Aesenath and Nickel later and restart the party if you feel like it. Once you get out of your section, you run into some other friends and end up going to another party, where you spend most of the night. You wake up with a crick in your neck, sleeping on someone's couch, and hike out to find some lunch. It is evening before you hear from a worried Aesenath. Aesenath tells you that nobody has seen Nickel, and is worried about what has happened. You both go and find Nickel's intern, and then you are told that Nickel had to be transported to the hospital for alcohol poisoning. It must have been serious, because they had Nickel stay the night, but the intern reassures you that Nickel will be ok and will be back soon. You're left with your worries until Monday, when you visit Nickel and confirm that this time everything turned out ok.

THE END!

THE OMEN PRESENTS...

THE "IT WAS A DARK AND
SEXY NIGHT" CONTEST.

Cum On and Submit!



Crimson satin sheets, black lace lingerie, candles, wine, whips, a little silk scarf bondage...all this and more can be yours at the many dexterous, nubile hands of the Omen editors and staff, who will bring you an endless cliché of pleasure beyond your wildest dreams...



In the form of a \$20.00 gift certificate to your choice of porn shop!

All you have to do is win the Omen Erotica Contest! We want you to give it to us hard, and make us laugh while you're doing it. We want to be so inspired by your masterpiece that we find ourselves compelled to tell all our many, many friends to leave the room immediately, or else tell them to grab some glow-in-the-dark condoms and stay the night (depending on how hot your friends are). Seeing as there are masses of heaving, throbbing, gasping talent abound on this campus (I should know: I hear it echo down the hall every afternoon, evening, and 3 am), it shouldn't be too far from possible. No less possible than being hit by a bus full of Swedish super models on a tour of the America Northeast with their Nymphomaniacs Anonymous group, anyway. So cum on and submit your biggest and best to the Omen, and we'll return the favor, no strings attached.

Note: extra credit will be given for the inclusion of gratuitous illustrations and/or informative diagrams.

h

k

o

q

r

d

y

x

u

v

I'm
uncomfortable!I need
an adult!Rubric for Assessment of
Erotic Stories

A Note from the Judges

9

All Submissions Due Friday, October 19th 2007

In order to fairly judge how good each submission to the erotic story contest is, we've had to come up with a rubric for dynamic assessment. We had to figure out how to properly account for the wildly different themes and emotions each story would encompass. How could we judge the depth of character? Variety of language? How could we equally rate the diverse voices of our many different, distinguished authors?

Our 'Rubric Committee' came up with two categories and three sub-categories:

Wetness is how wet we get, from our fluids or someone else's. You can think of this as the modern equivalent of the humors. The subcategories are:

Tears — Is wet stuff coming out of our eyes? Are we crying because it's bad? Hilarious? Because we got off? I had a girlfriend who cried after orgasm, so it's not unheard of.

Lube — Did this inspire us to grab a condom and fuck the next person we saw? Are we alone in our room with the kleenex and petroleum jelly and vibrator? Either way, are things getting hot and wet here?

Cum — How much of the text of this story is covered by our ejaculate? How much of our partner is? How many times did we get off?

Emotion can be considered the erotic version of the Ancient Greek's comedy and tragedy. What do we feel during the story?

Pleasure — Do these pages make us shiver with delight? Are we going to have to put on new panties before we go out? Did a particular passage or description cause a moan to escape our lips?

Pain — Is this story just a thesaurus for 'penis'? Is there a particularly awful turn of phrase that just makes us wince? Or maybe it inspired us to find that dom so we could finally get around to using those handcuffs that sis got us for Christmas.

Laughter — Either this story is so bad or incredibly witty, but either way, we're rolling so hard we can't read straight.

Box F (heh...)

It is your job to get decorations, so you run to the mall and gather balloons, streamers, and a banner. Nickel has bought the snacks, and Aesenath claims to know someone who owns a chocolate fountain. You all meet up and Aesenath says

"So, my friend won't let us borrow the chocolate fountain, but I've got an '80s mix cd that will be perfect for the music!" (turn to O)

"Sorry, but my friend won't let us borrow the chocolate fountain. However, I found a place that sells 1 pound rainbow marshmallows! I got four, do you think that will be enough?" (turn to Box Q)

Yes, Well Maybe

by Zaike Airey



Box Q

You have everything set for the big night, and during the afternoon on Saturday you and Nickel put up decorations, including the huge rainbow marshmallows. Each of these marshmallows is the size of your head, and you place them on pedestals around the room. The three planners head to dinner, and then back to the room to get the party started for dessert! However, you find that some other residents have gotten to your party space first and are watching the Paula Dean show. They look at you as you enter, and then continue watching TV. They've even moved all the furniture around, and pulled the couches up to the tv! "Excuse me..." you begin, but they don't seem to be listening.

"Hey guys, we're having a party in here now," Nickel interjects. One of the TV watchers turns around and says "Yea, I hate to say this, but you guys will have to move. I reserved this space for our Butter Club Party, and we'll have it until 10pm." Disheartened, you gather your decorations and look for a space to hold the party. You find that one of the dorm livingrooms is empty, and quickly set up there, calling friends to tell them of the new location. About 10 people drop by during the night, and you all have a blast talking and tasting the many varieties of marshmallow. You soon notice someone weird building sculptures out of minimarshmallows and toothpicks. Weird in a cute way, that is, and you approach them. "What are you making?" you ask, and they reply "I'm not sure... It kind of looks like a cat right now, but it could turn into something else." You begin a conversation about sculpture, which happens to be your concentration at Hampshire, and soon you're exchanging numbers and feeling very pleased with yourself. That night you fall asleep full of marshmallows and hope.

THE END!



Jericha Senyak's

Dear Hampshire,
Could We Have Better Sex Please?

Volume 3: Written February 4th, 2007

Hampshire has this reputation as a haven for peace-loving, free-spirited, protest-going, pot-smoking vegan kids who love sustainable agriculture and Bob Marley (or at the very least Sufjan Stevens), and for the most part I would say it lives up to its image. Which is not to say that every student, or even the majority thereof, has dreads and wants to go fight in the revolution (any revolution), but we are, in general, pretty mellow kids. We talk about our feelings a lot. We respect each other's beliefs. We're not chauvinist, bigoted, racist, homophobic, or any of those other nasty things - in fact, we're occasionally so PC it's nauseating.

So why, with all these kids who love peace, goodwill and communication, is there so much trouble when it comes to talking about sex? Or not even sex, but the repercussions of sex. I can count on one hand the number of people I know who know exactly where they stand with the person they're having sex with (I'm not counting people in relationships, because this column doesn't apply to them.) Conversely, I don't have enough digits to count the number of people who are stuck saying things like "Oh no, I can't go to Merrill A/Prescott whatever/Dakin J in case I run into that guy/girl I hooked up with when I was really drunk the other night because it would be really awkward."

Look, there's nothing wrong with drunk sex, okay? It can be lots of fun, provided you don't, you, know, hnd on the other person's shoes (that only gets forgiven in the movies). The problem is what happens AFTER the sex. There are so many possibilities. For example, you may be absolutely mortified when you hear who you slept with and have to avoid at all costs any encounter with your sorry partner - who, in the worst case scenario, may think that the hookup means you LIKE them and is now actively pursuing you for round two. A simple clarifying presex statement would have cleared up all your problems - a straightforward "hey, I'm drunk, this is never happening again, so enjoy it while it lasts" works just fine.

I mean, that's the extreme end of things, and basically that kind of sex makes me cry a little bit inside,

because the likelihood of it being good hot awesome sex is very low and the likelihood of it being awkward uncomfortable nonorgasmic sex is very high, and sex that doesn't result in deep mutual pleasure is a crying fucking shame in my mind, but hey, you're welcome to it. More often than not, though, the issue of clarity comes up in the following situation:

We've got Girl A and Boy A, okay. Like most Hampshire students, they're definitely on the more attractive end of the spectrum, listen to good music, have had interesting and unusual events in their lives that make them seem like deep and thoughtful people with something to say. Girl and Boy A flirt plenty, hug each other hello in Saga if their hands aren't too full, smoke hookah with the same people sometimes. One night at a party they end up dancing a lot, and eventually end up at one room or another and hook up. The sex is pretty hot, whatever, they enjoy themselves, everyone's happy and fulfilled and little golden birds flutter round the room tweeting Ode to Joy, that kind of thing.

Except the next morning Boy A leaves, and with him leave the little golden birds and the sighs of satisfaction, and into the gap rushes the looming monster of uncertainty. Okay, they hooked up. Are they going to hook up again? If so, how are they going to know when it's the right time? What if Girl A wants to hook up again, but Boy A also kind of has his eye on Girl B and is wondering what she's like in the sack, and won't ever find out if he keeps sacrificing his nights to Girl A? What if Boy A really kind of likes Girl A, is thinking hey, maybe a relationship could be on the cards, but Girl A tends to feel about relationships the same way lions tend to feel about little metal cages? What if neither of them ever wants to hook up again, but doesn't say so for fear of hurting the other's feelings? What if...?

Honestly, the permutations are endless. And such situations generally result in people sitting on my floor recounting every little interaction that ever occurred, trying to make sense of what's going on in the head of the maddening person with whom they shared a taste of the sublime (I hope, anyway, because all the agony's

not worth it for anything less) all of three nights ago, very rarely coming to any satisfying conclusion because quite frankly none of us are mindreaders.

So the big question here runs as follows. What are the rules of correct post-hookup etiquette? How does one communicate one's needs and desires to someone without a) hurting the other person's feelings or b) abjectly humiliating themselves? Yeah, okay, tricky question. But there's one simple way to embark upon the answer, and it goes as follows:

1) **KNOW WHAT YOU WANT AHEAD OF TIME.** I mean honestly. If you're confused, how the fuck is the other person supposed to feel? And if you're worried that being honest about your intentions might lose you the hookup (say, if you have a sneaking suspicion your bedmate kinda likes you when really all you want to do is get it on), well, not telling the truth means you're a douchebag and I hope you get the clap.

That's the big one. Come into the situation knowing what you want to get out of it. If it's just a quick lay, hey, that's fine - just don't give off the fucking impression that you're in it for the long haul. If you're not sure what you want, at the very very least get it straight in your head what you DON'T want. Why is this so important? So that you don't lead people on. Because it's when you lead people on that feelings get hurt, things get messy, and you end up having to avoid a whole wing of Merrill for the rest of the semester.

So. Next rule. This is where the whole communication part comes in. (If you like hooking up while three sheets to the wind, this advice is null and void since you won't be able to have a normal conversation anyway; I'm writing this for people who at least attempt to have sex they won't regret later.) This is the tricky bit - how to get the correct information without being awkward about it. But the second rule is this:

2) **FIND OUT WHAT THEY WANT.** Preferably beforehand, so that you can get the hell out if it turns out that you're looking for someone agreeable to bring you to climax and they're looking for someone agreeable to marry and make babies with. It's easy to have this conversation - I do it all the time. Just start complaining about the state of relationships at Hampshire. Talk about how complicated everything is when all you really want is (insert relationship/sex act of choice here). Ask them what they think. Then later,

when you're busy knocking boots, neither of you has any illusions.

I confess that figuring out whether or not you're going to hook up with someone again is a tricky thing. Sometimes the sex can be good and the two of you can want the same thing and all but the chemistry just isn't right for another episode. This leads me to the third rule:

3) **WHEN IN DOUBT, BE FRIENDLY.** Essentially, assume both of you had a good time, don't worry about it happening again or not, treat them the same way you did before you hooked up (if you have the sneaking suspicion they weren't so into it, treat them the same way minus a couple ounces of flirtation), say hello to them in Saga, and generally act like a pleasant and mature human being. You lose no face by being friendly, whereas you do lose face by being weird, awkward, uncomfortable or generally jerkish - all of which say loud and clear "I am not mature enough to handle casual sex." No feelings are hurt, no pleasant friendships are destroyed, and a couple months down the line you can even joke about it - that is, if you're not still fucking like bunnies. Which, if the sex is good, you should be.

You can reach Jericha with questions, comments, or concerns at jcs06@hampshire.edu



Box H

You are planning the party for Saturday night, so during the day on Friday you and Nickel go on a run for some party supplies. You end up spending more than 80\$ out of your own pocket on balloons, streamers, chips, and of course the drinks. You decided to go all out and get beer, wine, and some hard liquor. You meet up with Aesenath to start decorating, and they say

"Man, I can't wait to dance the night away to those '80s tunes!" (turn to Box M)

"I got us some mini-marshmallows and toothpicks, so we can totally make little edible snowmen!" (turn to Box N)

David's Wisdom Nook

An Advice Column by David Mansfield

David Mansfield is the author of four self-help books: *Babies Don't Like Everyone*, *Finding Connections In A Reclusive Society*, *Making Marriages Last*, and *The Great Big Book of Trains*. He currently lives in Amherst, Massachusetts with his wife and three kids. A professor at Hampshire College, he teaches classes solely about Roald Dahl's *Matilda*.

Dear David,

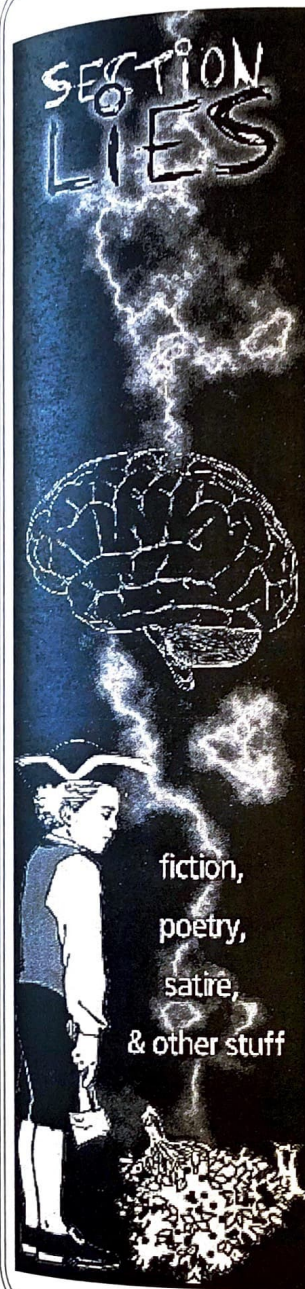
My ex-husband and I have been divorced little over a year. Our 5-year-old son spends equal time with both of us, and we try to make it as easy on him as possible, but my ex and I are not on good terms. Adding to the difficulty is the fact that our son has begun playing off of this conflict to get what he wants. When I say that he can't get a candy bar while in line at the supermarket, he tells me that "Daddy" lets him get candy. When I say he can't watch a violent television show, he says that Daddy lets him. This behavior has gotten out of control, and I don't know what to do!

Mom About To Cave Under Pressure Of Son's Manipulation

Dear MATCUPOSM,

Many of us haven't been through the trauma of a parental divorce, and therefore it can be difficult to understand what goes through a child's mind during this ordeal. It is crucial that you remember that your son is young, and is probably dealing with the situation the only way he knows how. That being said, have you considered that perhaps your ex is the one behind it? It's possible that your son is simply trying to get what he wants, but don't rule out the fact that "Daddy" could be telling your son to use him as an excuse, thereby turning your son against you. Why would your ex do this? It may simply be a revenge scheme engineered to make you unhappy. Or maybe at some point in the past, the two of you worked as scientific advisors on a top-secret experiment that went horribly wrong, and the ensuing trauma led you to bond and fall in love. However, as the years progressed you developed strange powers that one of you used for good and the other used for evil, leading to your eventual divorce. Since your son will clearly have the combined strength of both your powers once he reaches puberty, it is important to each of you that he chooses your side and becomes indispensable ally for your cause. Or maybe your ex just thinks that eating candy and watching violent TV will put hair on your son's chest. Who knows? All I can say for sure is that your son will someday be the most powerful force in the solar system. I hope that helps you move toward some kind of resolution.

That's all for this time. For more, visit the archives at davidswisdomnook.blogspot.com.



Ten Surefire Ways to Tame those Tentacles!

by Stephen Morton

If you're like me, you probably find that the most difficult part of living with a squid (they may be our pets, but anyone who's ever had one knows we certainly don't own them) is dealing with tentacles. They get everywhere, get tangled, break off sometimes, and are generally just a mess. But a squid wouldn't be a squid without those tentacles, so it's a cross we gladly bear. Here are ten tips to help tame those tentacles, and make your life a little easier:

1. When tangled into knots, it's okay to just leave them be. Your squid will eventually figure it out and untangle itself, as long as it's given enough space to move around in.

2. To prevent this from happening in the first place, give your squid a toy to play with, like a stick or a bicycle. This gives them something to keep their tentacles occupied with, and prevent tangling.

3. If your squid has ever lost a tentacle on you, you know what a pain it can be to bring the now independent tentacle under control. They thrash violently and blindly, and it's terrible. An easy way to handle the situation is to lure the tentacle into an open space with a bit of fish, and then use a net to capture it.

4. Little known fact, even among squid owners! if you take this tentacle and put into it's own tank, and keep it supplied with dissolved nutrients, it will eventually regrow into an entire squid, just like your original squid will regrow the tentacle it's lost. Tetra makes a special brand of squid food for this purpose, which is added to the water so the tentacle can absorb all the food it needs until it can regrow a mouth and digestive system.

5. To avoid cuts from the teeth-like ridges lurking inside every suction cup, you can feed your squid the special low-calcium food made by Tetra. Without enough calcium, your squid can't build those ridges,

safely and harmlessly de-fanging their suckers. Remember through, a squid without sucker-teeth needs to be kept inside all the time. They won't be able to properly defend themselves if they get into a fight with a coyote or sperm whale, or other such natural enemy. Keep your squid safely indoors, regardless of how much it begs to be let out!

6. It's important to make sure your squid stays clean underneath it's tentacles. Many novice squid-owners ignore this. You should give your squid a complete cleaning about once a month, just an easy wipe down will do. This prevents under-sucker rashes, and maintains your squid's ability to grab onto things with it's suckers at full strength. This is especially needed if your squid doesn't have it's sucker-teeth (see tip five).

7. To maintain that shiny, just regrown look of its tentacles, your squid needs plenty of vitamins and minerals. Make sure to add Tetra's squid rejuvenation tablets to your squid's water once a week.

8. If your squid's tentacles don't seem as strong as they used to be, it needs more exercise. The easiest way to get your squid exercise is to just let it out every now and then, if it's an outdoor squid, or, for indoor squids, take them for walks. Squids take a long time to get used to taking walks on a leash, but it's for their own good, and they do come around. Make sure you get one small enough that your squid can't slip out, otherwise you'll have problems.

9. If your older squid's tentacles are greying, it's okay to consider dying them back to their youthful hue. Your squid will feel better about itself, and most people don't know how to spot the difference between natural and dyed squid coloration.

10. To stop your squid from knocking over everything in reach, move things out of reach. Sorry, no better solution exists.

Sorry for the delay to those of you who wanted to read the Squid articles in the previous issue.



I Could Never Get the Hang of Thursdays

A fortnightly column by Rachel Rakov*

Hello, all, and welcome to yet another installment of my fortnightly column, "I Could Never Get The Hang of Thursdays", wherein I, your columnist, continue in my efforts to write a slightly entertaining column, fighting through such perils as missed deadlines, having nothing whatsoever to say, strange little half-boxes having appeared in the margins of every Word document I open, and giant wombats lurking in front of my laptop preventing me from working. (Wombats are actually fairly adorable animals, and not particularly dangerous, unless one gets a wombat angry by, oh, trying to sit down and write something using the computer it has decided to lurk in front of.)

At any rate. I have once again run into the problem of having no particular subject to write upon this week, and so, have decided instead to denote a list of ideas that I chose *not* to write about this week. Hopefully you shall all appreciate what I have spared you from by choosing not to write about said topics, and thereby forgive me for not having a particular interesting single subject about which to write. And so, here are some of your rejected topics for the week:

-- How it is possible for me to have a topic idea that I will write about and mention it to people several times while walking up the stairs only to forget said topic as soon as I sit down at my computer.

-- Internet Fan-Fiction, or, I bet you didn't know that Ronald McDonald and Agent Smith knew each other.

-- Seven

-- Blatant Lies About Idaho, Part II (for the few who remember it's unsuccessful predecessor, Blatant Lies About Idaho Part I)

-- Preferred placement of toilet paper in the toilet paper holder (should it roll off the front or out the back?) and how I up until recently wasn't even aware that such a preference existed.

-- Eight

-- Subjects that would be taught at Culinary

Hogwarts, apart from Transfiguration of Dough to Bread, History of the Microplane, and Occlumining, as those were the only ones I could come up with.

-- 这个星期我写用中文，所以很大的人不知道我写什么。我用中文，所以我觉得这个课文不好，没问题！其他的人不知道这个课文没有意思！

-- Why writing about the Legend of Zelda is utterly useless.

-- A literary review of some terrible erotica that has actually been published (which is actually going to be saved until for the results of the Omen's Erotica contest).

There you have it. I hope I have convinced you. With any luck, next time I will have an actual topic with which to try to entertain you. In the event that you have a topic you would like me to take a pass at, I do welcome suggestions and will at least read and consider all that are sent to me. And in case you need food for thought for the next two weeks...feel free to ruminate on any of the above topics.

**Rachel Rakov is inspired by Douglas Adams. She can be contacted at box 1335, and will consider any and all suggestions for future columns that are directed towards here*

Commonly Misquoted

by Evan Silberman

"Give me liberty, or you know, not. Whatever's good for you." --Patrick Henry

"An eye for an eye would mean everybody would start wearing eyepatches. That would be *awesome*." --Gandhi

"The only thing worse than being talked about is the clap." --Oscar Wilde

"Alas, poor Yorick. Let's smoke some weed out of his skull." --Hamlet

"Fuck you fucking fuckers." --The Omen



Review of Fluff est Deo

by Sam Ecker

With careful investigation Mr. Eckert's essay, if one can even call it that, turns out to be complete bullshit. He sacrifices philosophy for poetry, poetry for preaching, and sense for sensationalism. One might even call *Fluff est Deo* a prime example of all it would fight against. It's clearly a very bad piece with no redeeming features whatsoever. Moreover, I don't like it.

It features an entire paragraph of rhetorical questions. What is this? Does he think that people will be able to respond? Does he think that these questions will do more than just annoy readers? He obviously makes too many presumptions about his audience. As if you can infer someone's mental processes from their actions. What would psychologists say about that?

Why does he feel the need to redefine the perfectly acceptable every day word fluff into a vague label that could be applied to almost anything? He could have just said trivial entertainments, sparing readers a great deal of confusion.

How can he arbitrarily draw the line between what is meaningful and what is useless? He can't. South Park for example has taught me many valuable life lessons. Nor do I like the cavalier attitude he takes about the weather. Is famine a laughing matter? The weather has an intimate effect on all of our lives!

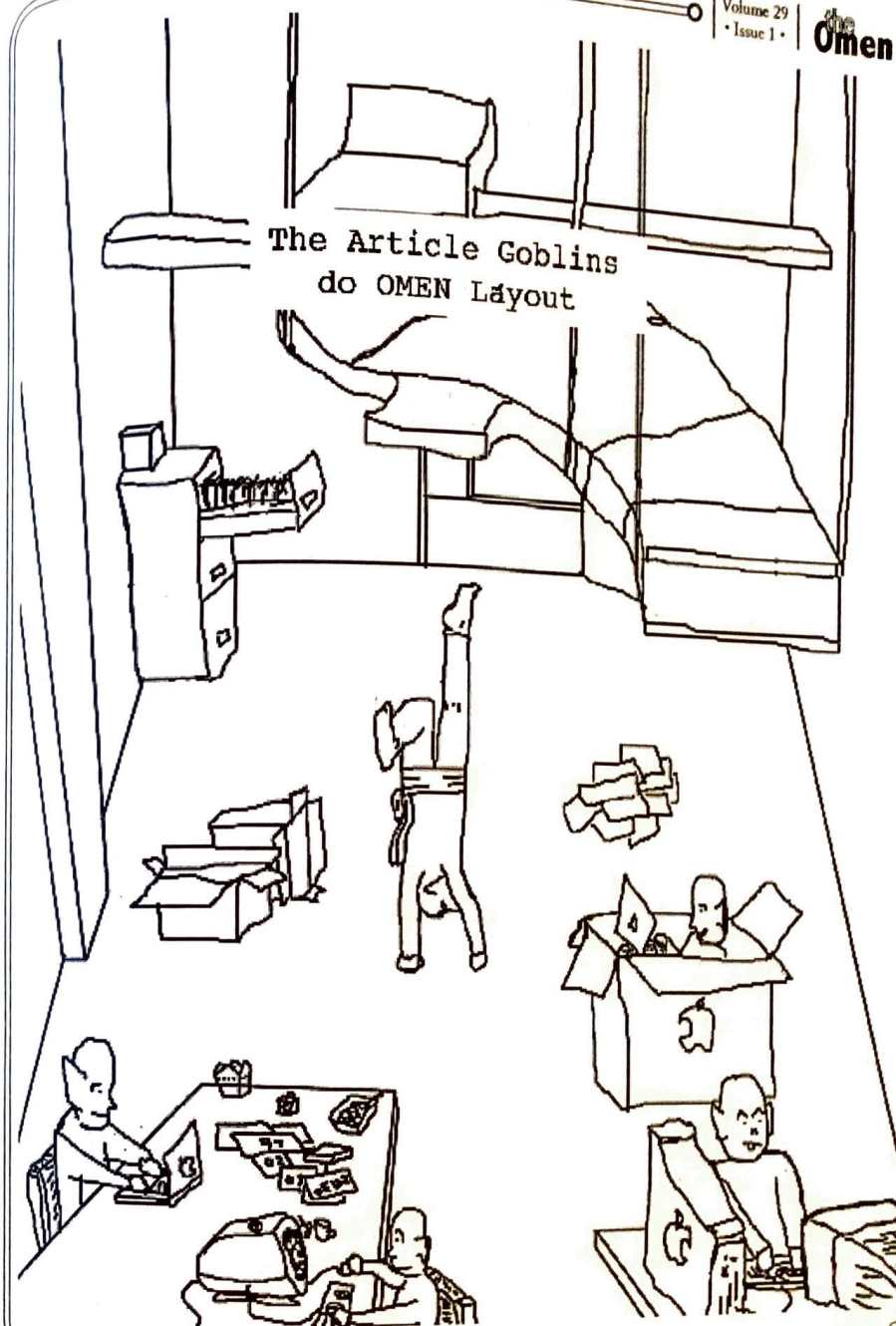


Box L

Pat listens to your plans for the greatest '80s party ever, and has only one concern: "I see here that you are planning on having a keg at this party... There are some legalities about getting a keg in Massachusetts that you need to know. First you need to bring your proposal to us, and then request a 'keg permit' from the town of Amherst. Getting that permit takes 2 weeks, and then you need to meet with us again to register the party... so you could push the date for this party forward or choose other options for serving drinks." Aesenath is upset because of the mess that beer cans and bottles can create, but after some discussion you all agree to serve beer and wine, with equal amounts of punch and snacks. Aesenath isn't 21 yet, so you and Nickel sign as hosts.

As the evening approaches on Saturday your excitement grows, but you try not to let your expectations get too high. You gather after dinner and decorate the party room, start the music, and watch as most of your friends arrive fashionably late. Nickel chats with guests while checking IDs and serving drinks, and you dance your heart out to David Bowie, Pat Benatar, Bon Jovie, the Eurythmics, and dozens of other bands that are just so bad that they are good. Around midnight you notice the crowd is really moving, and you move to the edge of the room to take a rest. On your way to get some water you run into Aesenath, who is looking a bit ill. You find yourself in the bathroom with Aesenath for the next 40 minutes, holding their hair back while they are sick, and then Nickel finds you both. "Is Aesenath ok?" Nickel asks, and you pause. You don't actually know if Aesenath is ok, but you aren't sure what to do. "I'm going to call an EMT" Nickel volunteers, but you stop them. "Wait, I don't want to get Aesenath in trouble..." but Nickel insists. "It's not a big deal, and I'd rather be on the safe side." As soon as the EMT arrives people start crowding around, asking if Aesenath is ok, but you move everyone away while the EMT asks Aesenath some questions and takes their temperature. It looks like everything is fine, and Aesenath takes small sips of water while you stay with them for the rest of the party. You're glad that your friend is ok, but secretly wish they had been more responsible and not gotten sick in the first place. Still, you don't want to blame Aesenath, and after the EMT leaves the party continues without a hitch well into the morning. You wake up the next morning with a slight headache, but that is a small price to pay for the glory of the dancefloor!

THE END!



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